

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WHEN SEPTEMBER COMES, BE IT HOT OR COLD, THE GREAT MASS OF PEOPLE WHO TAKE REFUGE IN THE COUNTRY DURING JULY AND AUGUST RETURN TO TOWN, FOR THE CHILDREN MUST AGAIN BE PLACED IN SCHOOL, AND THE INTEREST OF THE CHILDREN RULES IN AMERICA AS IT DOES IN NO OTHER PART OF THE WORLD.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS AND OTHERS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is always glad to receive good pictures of interesting events, and the publishers will pay promptly for all acceptable photographs sent to them. Photographs of the life in the mining regions in Alaska and the Northwest Territory will be particularly acceptable.

Financial Independence.

ONE of the taunts which were used in the place of argument by Bryan and others in the Presidential canvass a year ago was that the people of the United States had become slaves of the money power in Europe. The Rothschilds are our masters, it was said, as they are the masters of Europe. We could live only by paying constant tribute to them and other rich bankers. We were told that we could break those shackles by permitting the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. We were thus to become independent of Europe, and would be able to defy her bankers.

As in so many other ways, so in respect to that assertion Mr. Bryan and his supporters have been swiftly and strangely refuted and confounded by the natural course of events since President McKinley's election. If it was true that the people of the United States were held in bondage by the bankers of Europe, it is true no longer. If the taunt of Mr. Bryan was based upon fact, his assertion that the Rothschilds mastered us because the gold standard prevailed has been shown to be unfounded. That standard is still maintained, and yet the Rothschilds, the Bank of England, the powerful bankers of the continent, are using all their resources, all their great talents, all the vast machinery of finance which they control, to prevent the exportation of gold to the United States this fall.


They have been able to delay shipments; they will be unable to stop them permanently. They have been selling American securities in the expectation that these bonds and stocks would pay for the enormous importations of wheat, cotton, and other staples which come, and will continue to come, from the United States.

They have seen, with astonishment and chagrin, that our own people have been indifferent to these sales, and that the London markets have had no influence upon our own. Such an experience is unprecedented. Always, before, when the London bankers sold American securities the American markets became sympathetic. London dictated the price. This year the American exchanges have given only the interest of curiosity to the movements in the foreign exchanges.

At last Europe has acknowledged that its financiers can no longer make American prices. They have given up the attempt. They follow where they once led. They must send their gold here to pay the trade balances. They find that American capital is sufficient for American enterprises, and they realize and confess that at last the United States are financially independent, in the sense that they need no longer to submit to foreign dictation.

This change is due to the industry and wisdom of the American people, and to the magnificent development of our great resources, and the dependence of Europe upon our staples for food and clothing. It has come not because our government permits the free and independent coinage of silver, but because we have paid our debts, domestic and foreign, put our resources to their best uses, increased our wealth enormously, so that there is abundance of capital, and kept our currency unimpaired and equal to the best in the world.

States of Mind.

PEAKER THOMAS B. REED, in a recent communication, said: "What makes prosperity and what makes hard times? Way down at the base of things the causes may be different each time, and perhaps incomprehensible, but on the surface they are both only the results of states of mind." And then he goes on to say that prosperity is to have all the people at work, and that the thing that makes men work is their own mental condition.

The same point was very forcefully and very eloquently brought forward by Bourke Cockran in his brilliant campaign for sound money last fall. We see now how true it all is. The people are on the march to prosperity because their minds are fixed upon it. The doubts, discouragements, disasters, and pessimism are gone, and a gladder and a happier song is in the hearts and the souls of men.

The calamity-howlers had their day, and filled it with their moaning; but when Congress opened the road by business legislation, and when the world knew that the way would be paved with solid gold and adamant credit, the millions moved forward with the absolute feeling that success would come. And it has been coming from all directions to all the sections, and the states of mind of the seventy millions of good Americans are the best they have ever been in the history of the nation.

Keeping the Public Order.

IN the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a bill was passed imposing a special tax upon foreigners who remained in the State over a certain period of time without becoming citizens. This radical measure was due directly to the costly difficulties that the State had had with the lower classes of immigrants who worked in the mines. No State has ever been put to such an expense of money and public order from this source as Pennsylvania, and it was natural for her people to feel keenly upon that point.

Certainly no sadder illustration could be found than the recent shooting of the striking miners. It is natural for the demagogue and the sensationalist, of whom, unfortunately, the country has a heavy surplus, to cry out such epithets as "official murder" and "cold-blooded assassination"; but the indisputable facts are that the strikers were repeatedly warned; that they defied the law; and finally came the awful consequences. Deplore it as much as we may, it is simply another illustration of the cost of public order. The peace we have has come through centuries of bloodshed, and either authority must be maintained or we must drift back to other days, when human life was not as safe as it is at present. Americans understand all this, and when the majesty of the law is asserted they obey its commands. It is left to the ignorant foreigner to tempt fate and to feel the tragical results. It may be that the mine-owners are to blame for bringing to this country these poor victims; but that does not alter the fundamental proposition that law must rule and order must be maintained.

Villages and Hog-pens.

IT is really remarkable what a part the hog-pen plays in the well-being and prosperity of the country. There are in the United States thirty or forty thousand villages of different sizes, and the most of them have hog-pens and typhoid-fever. The connection is uniform and direct. The hog-pen supplies the cause, and the fever, or some disease closely allied to it, is the effect.

It has taken a long while to convince even the most intelligent settlements of the value of scientific sanitation, and in the large cities it is a constant fight to abate nuisances and compel people to observe ordinary laws of cleanliness. But in the villages it is much worse. The populations cannot see the necessity of the new-fangled notions, as they call them, and any interference of a board of health is an outrage and an impertinence. We know of villages where the doctors have been laboring in vain for years to eliminate the hog pen. Their efforts are ridiculed, and the hog-pens and the fevers, which would never exist but for the uncleanness, remain.

After a while the people of these small places will see the importance of a different policy. When they realize that the existence of hog-pens in a community will keep away all settlers whose presence would be desirable, and when they see their property depreciating in value because no one wants to live in villages where no attempt is made to prevent disease, but everything is done to encourage it, they may find it to their advantage to send the hogs to the country, and then the health and welfare of the whole nation will be improved.

Railroad Accidents.

IT is recorded that the first railroad accident in this country occurred to Peter Cooper, when he tried to race his little machine with a pair of stage-horses. A band slipped, and in the attempt to replace it his finger was severely injured. That the horses won the race is also a part of the history of that first test. But since that day, some sixty odd years ago, there have been many railroad accidents in this country and in all parts of the world. Several times each year the world is shocked by some railroad accident; but as a rule railroad travel is as safe as staying at home, and it is astonishing how the various attachments and the block-signal and other appliances have added to the security of life and limb.

But wonderful as has been the improvement in this country, which has more railroads than any other part of the world, the showing of safety is decidedly in favor of England. The special report of the British Board of Trade on railway accidents, which has recently been published, shows that the total number of passengers and employees killed by train accidents of all kinds on the railways of Great Britain in 1896 was only eight, and that the number of persons injured was only five hundred and forty-nine. When we come to think of the hundreds of millions of people carried over these roads each year the figures are truly astonishing. But the causes are easily found. In England the grade crossing is eliminated; single tracks are rare,

and, possibly most important of all, the strictest kind of official investigation and supervision is maintained. It makes no difference how small an accident is, it is immediately investigated and the blame is promptly placed. The importance of this is seen in the fact that over sixty per cent. of the collisions were caused by misunderstanding or disobeying signals. In England, as well as in this country, the mechanical equipments of the first class railroads are well-nigh perfect, and it is extremely seldom that they go wrong. The greater safety, therefore, is due in a very large degree to the strict discipline and the absolute fixing of responsibility in the operation of the trains. That is a lesson which many of our railroads and railroad men must learn more perfectly, for it is the one thing which can largely decrease the number of accidents of all kinds in this country.

Improving the Lawyers.

IT might be set down as a general proposition without exciting a popular riot that anything calculated to improve the lawyers of this country will be in the direction of a public benefit. Several years ago an article appeared in this paper calling attention to the crude and disorganized regulations under which young men were authorized to take charge of the lives, money, and interests of their fellow-beings. In one State the only condition of admission was that the candidate should have a good moral character; in another a few months of study, a few hours a day, would enable the aspirant to join the Bar. In scarcely any State was there a general system, and a person who had been turned down in one county might go over into the next circuit, get admitted, and return to the place where he had been rejected and be accepted on the face of his admission in the other place. The American Bar Association took the matter up very earnestly, and the legal schools and colleges of the country were made active factors in the movement for a system and a higher standard.

It has thus happened that since the appearance of our article ten States have passed laws placing the examination of candidates in the hands of a board of examiners appointed and controlled by the State's highest court of appeals. In most of these States the length of reading or of study, whether in a law college or in a private office, has been increased to three years, and in none of them is it less than two. The movement has prospered far beyond the expectations of those most actively engaged in it, and the ultimate results will undoubtedly be to bring to the practice of the law a better educated and a better trained body of men. This means a great deal, not only that our business will be better attended to, but that our legislative bodies and our public offices where lawyers form the vast majority will contain a higher class of public servants.

The Divorce Industry.

THERE seems to be competition in all activities, and the divorce industry partakes of its share. That this work goes on at a lively rate in the new and somewhat raw communities of the West is largely owing to the fact that competing towns and county seats are struggling for growth and population. To offer to thousands of discontented people release from irksome marriage bonds is to draw new-comers across the continent in numbers that count and prove profitable in many ways. Some will remain for a new home, and all will spend a period long enough to gladden the hotels and the stores, and to enrich the lawyers' bank-accounts.

The meridian of divorce changes, to be sure, but it does not suffer obliteration. The time has passed when a train-officer called out: "Chicago—a fifteen-minutes' stop for divorce," for this feature was wanted in South Dakota, where it still exists. A little later—and very vigorously—the divorce-mill is seen in Oklahoma. Here Guthrie and Oklahoma City were sharp rivals in the business. It only requires a ninety days' residence in this Territory to untie the matrimonial knot with neatness and dispatch—and the enterprise of the divorce-attorneys has been something on the order of the marvelous. Their agents even boarded the incoming railroad-trains for clients, as the college society drummers do for their society recruits, and they got them by the dozen.

In the circular of inducement passed around by a Guthrie agent (probably as the sales-boy distributes one of his circulars on Eastern trains), the expectant halves of couples were told how much better than its rivals that town's facilities are for effecting the coveted purpose. It added, too, that they will be "guaranteed absolute seclusion and freedom from inquisitive reporters and others during residence there, and"—best of all—"divorce decrees are never published."

The scandal of the thing has been that almost any cause for divorce was accepted; and an affidavit of the period of residence was not much scrutinized. "There is no trouble about the decree," says one attorney, "for, of course, the other party never knows anything about it." It is almost incredible to hear that in the case of a man and wife from Ohio, "one of whom was divorced in Guthrie and the other in Oklahoma City about simultaneously, that neither knew what the other was doing"—and yet they "employed the same firm of lawyers, who had an office in each city."

This must have been the last ounce that overweighed the business. For the Oklahoma Supreme Court finally invalidated all these mushroom decrees and left the last state of the litigants worse than the first. In fact, it has left some of them, who hurried off for new partners, in an altogether too "much married" condition.

It is not a matter for jest—and pity for the sufferers will not be without qualification. We wonder now if there is any community farther West which will dare to don Oklahoma's dropped distinction.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MAJOR J. B. POND, the great lecture-broker and tamer of celebrities, is a large, genial, Yankeeified person, who, when he is at home, lives in a fine old place on the Bergen Heights of Jersey City. His business headquarters is in the historic Everett House, in New York; his residence is practically out of the world, albeit within sight, if not within sound, of the metropolis. The venerable mansion is filled with souvenirs in the form of pictures, books, and autograph-letters from most of the great men and many of the lesser ones who have emerged in England and America during the last forty years. Major Pond says that, while the lecture business is not what it was twenty-five years ago, when the "lyceum" was a leading institution in every important town throughout the country, still there is more lecturing done to-day, on the summer assembly and university extension plan, than ever before. The people will always turn out to hear a man they have heard about, and who has something to say to them. In an interview, on his recent return from Europe, Major Pond said: "Good times have struck us at last, and the public will be willing and glad to patronize good lecturers. I visited a number of celebrities while in England and secured several. Anthony Hope is coming, and will make a great hit. With the exception of Henry M. Stanley and Ian Maclaren, more applications have come in for him than for any other man in the last two decades. Of American speakers, Marion Crawford is the most popular in the field this season. He has decided to devote himself entirely to the platform for a time. His subjects are 'Early Italian Artists' and 'Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages.' If Edward Everett's mantle has fallen on anybody, it is on Hamilton W. Mabie. His tours could always be extended if he would give the time. The most popular person on the platform to-day, however, is a woman, and that woman is Mrs. Ballington Booth." On Major Pond's list for the coming winter season are also: Louis Fagan, late master of prints of the British Museum; John Fox, Jr., the Kentucky romancer; Peary, of Arctic fame; and Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., the most adventurous of all the newspaper correspondents in Cuba, who has already addressed and interested the public through LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

—The late Edward L. Pierce, of Boston, was prominent in Massachusetts as a legislator, author of legal works, philanthropist, biographer of Charles Sumner, and friend of John Bright. He was the brother of the late Henry L. Pierce, the Mæcenas of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. When he died, Mr. Pierce was sixty-six years old. He was a graduate of Brown University and the Harvard law school. He began his professional life in the office of Salmon P. Chase, in Cincinnati, in the late 'fifties.



MR. EDWARD L. PIERCE.
Photograph by Chickering.

When the war broke out Mr. Pierce returned to Massachusetts and shouldered his musket as a private soldier. He was soon picked out by President Lincoln for special work among the fleeing negroes. These he organized and set to work in the intrenchments about the capital. After his term of enlistment expired Secretary Chase detailed him for further special work among the blacks. Mr. Pierce had filled various local Federal positions in Massachusetts, and was always an uncompromising Republican. He wrote much on railroad law, and "Pierce on Railroads" is looked upon as the best authority by lawyers and educators throughout the country. Mr. Pierce was a member of the last Massachusetts Legislature. His age, experience, and ability made him a leader on the floor of the house. For ten years Mr. Pierce was a lecturer at the Boston University law school, and wrote much on law, politics, and literature. Although a rich man in his own right, he was left a legacy of over two million dollars by his brother last winter.

—Findlay S. Douglas, who has been playing under the colors of the Fairfield County Club in the amateur golf championship



FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS.

meeting at Chicago, is a foreign-bred golfer, and learned his game as a boy upon the classic links of St. Rule. He captained the St. Andrew's University golf team for two years, and was rated as scratch on the St. Andrew's handicap list. He came to this country only a few months ago, and, owing to the pressure of his business engagements, he has played but little in public, except as a member of the Fairfield County team. But such golf as he has shown has been of the first order, and it is a liberal education in the science of the game to follow him in a round of the course. Long, straight driving from the tee and through the green, clean iron work, and irreproachable putting are features of his play, and, like Willie Park, Jr., he makes the game look so very easy, the perfection of art indeed. It is hardly a matter for surprise that our American golfing talent should go down before the prowess of the foreign contingent, Whigham, Douglas, Macdonald, and Coates, all of whom may be said to have been bred in a bunker and brought up on a "long spoon"; but it has been a good thing for the future of the game in this country. The standard cannot be set too high, and in due process of time we will have our revenge.

—Miss Frances C. Griscom, of the Merion Cricket Club of Philadelphia, has represented her club for two years in the con-



MISS FRANCES C. GRISCOM.

test for the women's golf championship of America. Last year, at Morristown, Miss Griscom was one of the eight survivors of the medal round, but was defeated by Miss Cora Oliver in the first round of match play. This year, at Manchester, she made her way to the semi-finals, but then lost to Miss Sargent of the home club. On both occasions Miss Griscom lost, simply because she was unable to play her best game when the best was absolutely necessary. She is a medal rather than a match player, a distinction which means very little to the non-golfing mind, but which, nevertheless, makes all the difference in bearing the strain of an extended championship meeting. It is curious to note in this connection that Mr. H. H. Hilton, the English open champion, has twice placed that event to his credit, the score being kept on the medal plan, and yet has never quite succeeded in winning the amateur first honor, in which the play is by holes. In the one case steadiness is the prime requisite; in the other, that indefinable quality which we call *morale*, for want of an English equivalent. Miss Griscom made the second best medal score at Morristown, and won the final handicap prize, but she could not do herself justice against Miss Oliver when a stroke meant the winning or losing of a hole. Her game is chiefly distinguished for its long and straight driving.

—Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, though a magazine editor, has a sense of humor. That is proved by the following authentic incident, related by a minor poet of respectable connections and large practice. A young American composer, who, having been educated abroad, is a stranger when at home in New York, expressed his wish to have some "words" written for musical setting. "Why don't you go around to the Century shop?" suggested a wag of his acquaintance. "They keep a regular staff of poets and sonneteers there, who write all the verses that are published in the magazine. No doubt they'd be glad of an outside job. Ask for Mr. Gilder." The young musician took this advice in all seriousness, went around to the offices on Union Square, sent in his card, and was duly ushered into the editorial presence, where he stated his business-like proposition. Mr. Gilder listened with emotions that probably were of a mixed character, and then suavely replied: "I regret that I must decline, with thanks—not on account of lack of literary merit, but—well, the fact is, we are just now working overtime on Grant memoirs and dialect stories. But I can recommend a first-class professional poet, who ought to give you satisfaction. Go to Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in Fifteenth Street." Somewhat disappointed, the visitor withdrew to the outer office, casually inquiring there: "What does this man Gilder do about here, any way?" "Oh," answered a clerk, "for the last sixteen years he has been a kind of editing the magazine, you know." The follower of the Muses departed, in search of Mr. Stoddard. That distinguished writer, when found, will doubtless improvise some picturesque language on the spot. If he should chance to feel in the mood he may pass the musician on, and tell him to apply to Paul Lawrence Dunbar for a "coon" song.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the versatile and altruistic owner of the New York *Herald*, is in his time playing many parts. In New York he is a prosperous iceman, in France a famous coach-driver.

His energetic and charitable work, during the past summer, in behalf of the great *Herald* Free Ice Fund has practically averted the danger of an ice famine amongst the poor of this metropolis, next winter. In Paris and the south of France Mr. Bennett is known as a famous whip. "A seat in his four-in-hand," says a correspondent of the New York *Home Journal*, "is free to anybody paying a regulation fare. The proceeds of his coaching tours are devoted to charitable purposes. A peculiarity of the millionaire driver is that he not only expects tips from his fares, but is much annoyed should any one dismount without 'remembering the coachman,' even to the extent of a very small *pourboire*."

—Professor Booker T. Washington, like most of his colored compatriots, is abundantly endowed with that sense of humor, combined with ability to express it, which are essential to the equipment of a really great and popular orator. In a recent speech he told a yarn of an old negro who wanted a Christmas dinner and prayed night after night: "Lord, please send a turkey to this ducky." But none came to him. Finally he prayed: "O Lord, please send this ducky to a turkey." And he got one that same night.

—The oldest and most distinguished, by eminent services to humanity, of the surgeons of the United States is in all probability Dr. Lewis Sayre, of New York, now seventy-eight years of age and in full possession of his faculties. Dr. Sayre has been for a month or two past at Richfield Springs, taking the inhalation treatment for asthma, apart from which he is in excellent health. He began the study of medicine prior to 1840, and has been a contemporary of, if not a participator in, nearly all the famous operations which have made American surgery renowned over the world. Dr. McDowell's ovariectomy, the first operation in which the knife of the surgeon dared to penetrate into the abdominal cavity, was performed shortly before Dr. Sayre's birth; he has been a contemporary of practically all the rest of the triumphs of American surgery. He it was who first excised a hip-joint, and it was to an accidental discovery of his, in an operation on a fireman's knee, performed while a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, that military surgery owed the use of tarred hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds, by means of which so many wounded soldiers were saved during the war of 1861-'65 from fatal suppuration. Dr. Sayre thinks the discovery of antiseptics, and of anaesthesia, both which have been made since the war, the greatest boons his profession has conferred on the human race. Drink-cures, like the Keeley and Oppenheimer nostrums, he calls humbugs.

—Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is a very prominent member of the American colony of Paris, and lives in the finest apartment on the Champs Elysées. He was decorated by the French government in the early spring, and made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He spends money like a prince, and his dinners and coaching-parties are famous over two continents. He frequently tools his superb mail-coach from Paris to London without change, having a special understanding with the Channel Steamship Company, so that his ten horses and coach can be taken on at Calais and let off at Dover without dismounting at all. Mr. Wanamaker's greatest hobby, however, is the American Art Association, of which he is president. This club of students has every reason to be grateful to Mr. Wanamaker, for with his assistance it has a superb home in an old Louis Quatorze palace in the Quai de Conti, not far from the Institut de France, where every comfort and luxury may be had by the members for the yearly fee of four dollars. That charming little monthly, the *Quartier Latin*, also owes its life to Mr. Wanamaker, for although it is edited and contributed to by the students of the Latin Quarter of Paris, Mr. Wanamaker backs it, and it is making wonderful progress. Mr. Wanamaker is the son of Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and is married to Miss Parker, who was born in America, but who has lived so long in Paris that she is more French than the French. They have three beautiful children.



MR. RODMAN WANAMAKER.



THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS NOW PLAYING IN AMERICA.



FLORENCE LLOYD.



KITTY ADAMS.



MARJORIE PRYOR.



NORMA WHALLEY.



LOUIS BRADFELD AND MINNIE HUNT, IN THE "ROMEO-AND-JULIET" BALCONY DUO.
Photograph by Byron.



ACT I.—ENTRANCE OF THE EIGHT GAIETY GIRLS.
Photograph by Byron.



MINNIE HUNT.



JULIETTE NESVILLE.



MAUD HOBSON.

"IN TOWN," THE GAIETY-BEAUTY SHOW AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

The musical farce now current at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, under the title of "In Town," is a typical British burlesque. Like "The Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," and others of that ilk, it has been imported bodily, as to both play and players, from George Edwardes's Gaiety Theatre, London. The essential feature of these English Gaiety pieces is a display of feminine beauty, both of face and of figure; and in this particular the present production seems to satisfy all expectations. The leading ladies are: Misses Juliette Nesville, Minnie Hunt, and Marie Studholme; none of them can sing even a little bit, nor has any of them anything more than a vague notion of acting. Of the others, Maud Hobson has statuesque beauty sufficient to excuse her from the other requirements. Florence Lloyd and Claire Romaine are clever in boys' parts. Mr. W. Louis Bradfield, as a man-about-town, is the central figure of the piece, and has won cordial recognition as a first-class singing comedian.



GENERAL GOBIN AND STAFF.



SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.



SIGNAL-STATION AT LATTIMER—SIGNALING TO HAZLETON, THREE MILES AWAY.



CAMP AT HAZLETON.



DAGO STREET AT LATTIMER.

THE RIOT AT HAZLETON, PENNSYLVANIA.

Hazleton, in the Lehigh Valley, is one hundred and twenty-five miles northwest of Philadelphia, and is situated in the heart of the anthracite coal region. For some two weeks the hard-coal miners had been on a strike, and, following the example of their brethren in the West, they had been marching to the different breakers, compelling the men to quit work. On Friday, September 10th, a crowd of strikers from Harwood, near Hazleton, marched to Lattimer, a small village three miles away. They had been warned by Sheriff Martin, of Luzerne County, to turn back, but kept on. He loaded his deputies, seventy in number, on trolley-cars, and arrived at Lattimer before the strikers got there. At the turn into the village street he drew his men up in line. The crowd of about two hundred Poles and Slavaks had been told by agitators of English speech that they had a right to the highway, and when the two crowds met the sheriff read the riot act. Very few understood what the officer said, and some tried to go on. One man was seized by the sheriff, his companions gathered around, and the sheriff was roughly handled. Suddenly a rifle-shot rang out, then another, and a volley. Shot after shot followed. Men lay in every direction along the street, dead and dying. The frightened survivors fled towards Hazleton. The deputies then attended to the wants of the wounded, and medical assistance was sent. The wounded were taken to the hospital and the dead to the morgue, while stupefaction seemed to take possession of every one. Sheriff Martin telegraphed at once to Governor Hastings, who ordered out the Third Brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania at once. It is commanded by General Gobin, the new commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and has its headquarters at Lebanon. Shortly after midnight he received the order to assemble his brigade at Hazleton, and by 1:30 orders had been received by Colonel Case, of the Fourth, at Marietta; Colonel Magee, of the Eighth, at Wrightsville; Colonel Dougherty, of the Ninth, at Wilkesbarre; Colonel Coryell, of the Twelfth, at Williamsport; and Colonel Coursen, of the Thirteenth, at Scranton. The companies of the brigade are widely scattered in eastern Pennsylvania, but by 8:30 of the 11th, only sixteen hours after the shooting, the nearest regiment (the Ninth) had arrived at Hazleton, followed by the rest in quick succession. They were distributed around Hazleton within a radius of some four miles, and since their advent quiet has reigned. General Gobin has his headquarters at the Valley House, in Hazleton, and has near him the famous Philadelphia City Troop, the Governor's Troop of Harrisburg, and Light Battery C of Phoenixville. He has a most efficient staff, and the whole mobilization was effected as well as can be done by regular troops. Captain Paxton, of the Fifteenth United States Infantry, is on duty at headquarters. The adjutant-general and Major-General Snowden have also been in Hazleton.

W. E. W. MACKINLAY.

MRS. WINSLOW'S IDEA.

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"CYNTHY—yes, she's what you call stirrin'," said Mr. Kellogg, meditatively. He clasped his hands gently round his knee and leaned back against one of the sagging pillars of the old porch, his mild, pale blue eyes resting placidly on the face of the young man who sat on the step beneath. "I've allus aimed to let Cynthia hev her own way about things. She's a good girl, but she don't jest seem to know how to work. Of course she hain't no call to worry over the farm—I take all the keer of that; an' then there's the house to keep, but that ain't much for any woman. An' then her school—well, I giv' her the best eddication I could, an' it oughtn't to be hard fer her to teach. But some people don't git through work easy; tain't in 'em; Cynthia's mother was that kind, an' I guess Cynthia is, too. 'Tain't no use takin' life that-a-way, an' so I tell her. But land! what kin you do with a girl thet'll spend whole evenin's jest studyin' things out to do—things thet ain't really got to be done at all? Drainin' that medder, fer 'instance—why, I've been a farmin' all my life, an' never seen the need of drainin'; but last year she sot her mind on that medder, an' she never rested until it was done. Then she figgered out that asteronomy hed oughter be taught to the children—jest ez if the trustees 'ud a known or cared ef she'd left it out—an' she got a book last fall, an' what did she do, them November nights, but sit out thar on the fence, with her book on the top rail, an' study out the stars, an' the weather cold enough to freeze her most of the time? An' 'round the house she's allus a-cleanin' an' a-flixin', an' kinder ambitious to hev things better than they be. Now I ain't thet kind; I'm a hard worker, but when I'm through my work I take life easy, jest ez it comes."

Mr. Kellogg paused and reclapsed his hands leisurely over the other knee. John Allen, listening with outward respect to the easy drawl of the old man's voice, felt an inward anger of protest. He looked down the flower-bordered path to the crazy gate creaking on its loose hinges. The flower-border and the gate—there were Cynthia Kellogg and her father embodied and symbolized. Cynthia, loving, anxious, dutiful, straining every nerve of her strong young body from dawn to dusk in keeping the worn-out old farm going and the tumble-down old house habitable; Cynthia, with her beauty, her intelligence, her hungry aspirations, toiling along without a murmur, and even idealizing her father as she toiled; Cynthia, with her pretty curtains at the windows, her tiny shelf of books, her carefully-tended flowers in the narrow garden-beds—and old Eliphalet Kellogg, who would let his garden gate swing loose till it fell to pieces, his fields go to weeds, his stock roam wild, and his house tumble about his ears, while he sat on his porch, or at the store in the village, and talked of his own industry with never-failing self-approval. "You drivin' old humbug!" thought the young engineer to himself, with unnecessary viciousness, "you don't know the meaning of work."

He had not come to see Eliphalet. His errand (a private one, which he had not mentioned to the old man) was distinctly to Cynthia; and he expected to receive an answer to a certain most important question asked only a week before. Mr. Kellogg, however, took the visit entirely to himself, and though he made no especial effort to entertain his guest—an especial effort of any kind being against his principles—he was pleased to inform young Allen that he was just the kind of visitor he liked.

"You're the sort of feller I used to be, myself," he said, graciously, rather to John's consternation. "but bein' from the city, you've got a chance, an' that I've never had. Not but what the Kelloggs hev allus been a good fam'ly (Uncle William was a jedge, an' grandfather's sister married a Senator), an' Cynthia's mother, she brought me the farm from the Raines side; but then, farmin' is starvation business, an' I've hed Cynthia to bring up an' pervide for, an' it's jest wore me out. But I kin remember—why, thar's Cynthia now, comin' 'round from the barn!"

The young man started to his feet. He was a handsome young fellow, with a tall figure and a frank, expressive face; and his eyes lit up in a tell-tale way as Cynthia Kellogg, with a basket on her arm, came round the corner of the house. No wonder; for here was no rustic beauty, but a girlish goddess, with great brown eyes full of spirit and light, splendid masses of gold-brown hair, cheeks whose roses blossomed vividly in the October sunshine, and a perfectly-moulded figure, strong and supple. Health, youth, a lovable sweetness, radiated from her as the perfume from a flower; yet there was a seriousness in her face that told of an early weight of sobering care. She paused, and a flush deepened in her cheeks as she greeted her guest.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen? Father, they told me at the store they wanted some eggs. Here are a dozen and a half, and if you're going in—"

"No, I hain't no call to go to the village this afternoon. Them eggs kin wait, I guess, tell ter-morrer mornin'. You're allus in sech a hurry, Cynthy."

"But they want them to-day, father."

"Wa-al, let 'em want. It's jest nonsense, expectin' a man to go trottin' 'round with a few cents' wuth of eggs, when his time's valleyble. But wimmen, their time ain't wuth nothin', an' so they can't understand, ner they never will, thet men folks is diff'runt."

"Well, I can go in myself in an hour," said Cynthia, soothingly, "and I'll take them, father."

John Allen stretched out his hand for the basket. "May I take them?" he asked. "My buggy is down at the gate, and I shall go past the store, you know, on my way to the quarries."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, with a glance from her great brown eyes that sent a thrill from John's heart to his finger-tips. She walked down the path, beside him, to the buggy, and Eliphalet, unclasping his hands finally from his knees, looked after the pair with a yawn, and sauntered into the house, where he stretched himself upon the horse-hair sofa for a nap, there not being more than half a dozen things for him to attend to, all of which he cheerfully postponed.

Meanwhile John Allen was saying, down by the ramshackle gate, "And your answer—what is it to be, Cynthia?"

He looked full into her clear eyes, raised to his like a child's, and the girl returned the gaze with a wistful seriousness.

"I love you, John," she said, simply, without a trace of coquetry or consciousness in the avowal. "No,"—as Allen took her hand firmly in his,—"I do not tell you this because my answer is to be yes, but because I want you to understand how bitter it is for me to say what I must say—no!"

"I will not take no for an answer!" cried the young man, hotly.

"But you must, John!" said Cynthia. She paused and drew her hand gently from her lover's clasp with a sigh. "I have thought it over all week—thought of nothing else—but I cannot leave father. There is no one else to take my place; he and I are all alone in the world. I could not ask you to give up your home and your career to live on this little farm; and father could not live anywhere else; and he cannot live alone. He is like a child; mother always took care of him, and now I must. Don't you see I cannot say anything but no?"

"You refuse me absolutely, then?"

"Oh, John, don't be angry with me! I cannot help it."

But her lover's heart was too sore to answer. He took the basket of eggs from her without a word, placed it in his buggy and drove off, while all the sunshine of the October afternoon faded for the girl as, with tear-filled eyes, she went slowly back between the flower-borders and sat down in her neatly-swept kitchen to patch her father's oldest coat. As for that worthy, he slumbered peacefully on, too lazy even to dream.

Mrs. Winslow was a woman of great executive ability. As a deacon's widow she had a prominent place in church affairs, beside running a sewing-circle, nursing her sick neighbors, and keeping the neatest house in the village. It was clearly understood by all who knew her that when Mrs. Winslow decided to "put anythin' through," it went through, though the stars in their courses fought against it. Her cooking was famed throughout the neighborhood, and altogether when she consented to take John Allen into her home, when he came to superintend the new quarries, it was felt that the young engineer was in clover. For his part, he had conceived a warm liking for his elderly hostess as a woman of shrewdness and geniality, and withal one who could keep her own counsel and never gossiped. It was natural enough, therefore, that upon a kindly question of Mrs. Winslow's, as the two sat at supper in the twilight that evening, the hapless lover should pour out the story of his woe, and inveigh against that placid and unconscious obstacle to true love, old Eliphalet Kellogg.

"An angel like Cynthia to spend her whole life ministering to the laziness of such an old blatherskite as that!" he said, bitterly.

"Her mother did it afore her," replied Mrs. Winslow, cheerfully. "She wuz most ez handsome ez Cynthia in the beginnin', but she wore out jest to skin an' bone the last ten year of her life. Them two women—mother an' daughter—hev jest run thet farm, an' held the fam'ly above water by main pluck and nerve. I've known Cynthia go out in the field an' work right with the men, an' then run back to git dinner fer them. She sold the hay last year, an' looked after the apple crop, an' sold some pigs an' chickens she raised, an' then taught school; an', with managin', she pulled through and paid the intrust on the mortgage—an' he jest doin' nothin' except talk one hour an' rest two. Fer all that, Mis' Kellogg jest worshiped the groun' her husband stood on, an' counted herself lucky to git him—the Kelloggs wuz a fust-rate fam'ly, you know. An' Luella Westover, she wuz jest crazy over him before he wuz married."

Here Mrs. Winslow gave a comfortable little laugh and cut herself another slice of pie. She commenced to eat it, but absently, with the air of one in deep thought. Finally she paused, with a flaky morsel on the end of her fork.

"Thet's jest it!" she said. "I'll drive over to Luella's ter-morrer. Don't you worry, Mr. Allen, about Cynthia an' her father. Ef you'll jest hold on a month or so I kin prophesy thet 'Liphalet Kellogg mayn't p'raps be on her hands, ner yours neither. Now don't ask me no questions, fer I won't tell you nothin'. Women is kittle cattle to drive, an' men is wuss; but I'm goin' to start in to do some drivin' ter-morrer, an' we'll see if truth ain't stranger than fiction, ez they say."

November—cold and dreary, with an east wind whistling over the bare pastures and swaying the leafless branches of the elms along the road. John Allen had just returned from an absence of some weeks—a business trip which had been highly successful, but which did not seem to have brought any satisfaction to him, if one could judge from the expression on his face. His buggy rattled along at a lively pace and turned the corner near Kellogg's farm abruptly, almost knocking over a girlish figure—Cynthia, who, with a basket on her arm, was walking from the village.

John reined up with a jerk.

"Won't you let me take you home, Cynthia?" he cried.

The girl's face lighted up radiantly. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she said; and her lover felt all his misery dissolve like magic in the sunshine of her appealing smile. "I am so worried, and I have wanted to tell you about it so!"

"What is it?" said Allen. He would have been willing to be talked to about anything conceivable just then, if Cynthia only did the talking.

"It's—it's—father!" said the girl. She shook her head and added, "I'm afraid that—that he's out of his mind!" This last in a mysterious whisper.

"Why, he was all right, certainly, when I last saw him."

"Yes, but that was a month ago. Let me see—two days after you were here—was it two days?—yes; Miss Luella Westover drove over to buy a pig that week, so I remember when it was. Well, two days after that, father began to be queer in ever so many ways—just suddenly, you know. He talked to himself, and once or twice I found him writing, and he tore it up, and then he harnessed the horse himself and drove to the village, and said he went to the store, but Mrs. Stevens told me

she saw him at Mrs. Winslow's. And since then he hasn't been a bit like himself in ever so many ways. He smiles and mutters to himself, and he's so queer and restless. Then he goes off driving every now and then, and I don't know where he goes, and if I ask him he gets angry. And he goes to the post-office as if he expected letters—but I know nobody writes to father, and hasn't for years. Last week he was gone one day all day long, and to-day he's been away since breakfast, and I'm so worried! I just couldn't speak about it to anybody except to you, and you weren't here."

Two great tears rolled down over the rosy cheek, and Allen slipped his arm around the supple waist and drew her comfortingly to him.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "If your father's mind is breaking up I'll help you take care of him. If I've learned anything this last month, it is that I can't do without you, and that your cares, whatever they may be, are my cares, too."

He stopped the horse, as he spoke, in front of the Kellogg homestead and lifted Cynthia out like a child. "Oh," she breathed, clinging to him with a long sigh, "you're so good to me!" Then she slipped from him and sped towards the house. "Father's come home!" she cried. "I see him at the window."

John followed, ready for the worst. He could not imagine, however, that Mr. Kellogg could possibly become an energetic maniac, and was prepared, rather, for driveling idiocy. He paused on the threshold, to find Cynthia gazing in speechless astonishment at her father, who stood hand in hand with a faded, ringleted, but youthfully-dressed female, attired in a stiff, much-beruffled blue silk dress and a flamboyant yellow bonnet. The young man recognized her as Hiram Westover's sister, a maiden lady who lived on her own farm, over by Deephaven. He remembered Mrs. Winslow's conversation, a month before, with sudden enlightenment.

"Cynthia, this is—" began her father, but his companion took the words out of his mouth.

"Your father an' me wuz married in Deephaven this mornin', Cynthia. He needs some one to be a companion an' a stay, an', puttin' it to me thet way, ez he did, I couldn't feel 'twuz right to say no, though of course I'm years younger than he is!" She bridled and gazed sidelong in the little looking-glass over the sofa, while Eliphalet went on:

"You see, Cynthia, ez Mrs. Winslow said to me, you bein' so young, an' not knowin' jest how to run things, it wuz kinder hard fer a busy man like me to be stoppin' to help you, so I felt 'twas best to make a change. An' Luella's comin' over to buy thet pig seemed sorter like a leadin', ez you might say, an' then, on her side, she'd been a commiseratin' me fer some time, so it hain't took us long to git it all fixed up. Now that there's two of you in the place I kin git more time fer farmin', an' not hev the house so much on my mind."

"We've been talkin' it over considerable this last week," put in the bride, "an' I don't see"—with a comprehensive glance around the small rooms—"but thet the best plan is to come over to my farm, fer I kin make you both comfortable, I guess—the house is better, any way—an' he's active enough to manage the two farms from there."

John smiled to himself. Eliphalet had found another believer and worshiper, evidently.

But Cynthia? She looked at Luella, at her father, and then, in a dazed way, around the walls within which she had striven so long to make a home out of such unpromising material. A great sob heaved her breast; but at that moment she felt her lover's arm around her, and a sweeping thrill of joy replaced her pain as his voice, full of buoyant happiness, responded for her:

"Cynthia and I are going to follow your example, Mrs. Kellogg. We expect to be married, ourselves, next week." And this time Cynthia did not say no!

The Mystery of Greatness.

YOUNG writers are always anxious to know how the great books were written, and how the immortals felt and behaved when they were writing the same. It is often taken for granted by these young people that there is some secret prescription for compounding literature, and that sufficient perseverance may master this formula. Investigation hardly confirms this view.

A certain well-known author wrote resolutely every day, whether he felt like it or not. He turned out with almost unvarying exactness just about so many thousand words at a sitting. His works have been read with pleasure by hundreds of thousands. He has been proclaimed as the favorite novelist of several famous men. He will not live forever, but he achieved a success which might properly satisfy a high ambition.

Another noted man determined to pursue the same course. He had made marked successes in poetry and short-story work. Now he would write a book. Other people had shut their teeth together and sat down and ground out what was, if not real literature, a fair imitation of it. He would do the same. His book fell flat, and he has never attempted to write another.

The author of one of the most successful books of the last twenty years declares that she re-wrote every sentence in it at least forty times. Her people, she said, would not mind. They did queer and unexpected things, and were constantly striving to balk and elude the plot, but by persistent and severe discipline she regulated her mutinous army until her first work was "finished like a very Crichton," and bore almost no mark of crudeness.

Another of our most successful novelists never re-writes, and he corrects and interlines but little. One of the few Americans who has produced a novel which will live said once, in reply to a question: "Copy my work! If I had to copy what I write I should never write a line."

One of the most famous of living writers reads the work of no contemporaries, for fear of coloring or corrupting his own output. Other writers, perhaps equally well-known, read promiscuously and unflaggingly.

A well-known society woman, shut temporarily away from the world by affliction, deliberately resolved to write a book. She immediately consulted a distinguished professor of rhetoric and literature and put herself under his tuition for some months. She saturated herself during a considerable succeed-

ing period with the scenes and atmosphere in which her story was to be laid. Her friends laughed behind her back, and quoted to each other the fable of the mountain and the mouse, but *la grande dame*, with all her fuss and feathers, really produced a charming little story—worthy to live with some of those divinely-wrought effusions which have emanated from garrets and from the pens of crust-fed genius.

On the other hand, one of the most conspicuous of living writers certifies that his most brilliant work treats of a land and a people whom he has never seen, though it is considered by the critics a masterpiece of verisimilitude. The story electrified everybody who read it, and was the sensation of the month among literary circles.

Marcus Aurelius enunciated the noblest of sentiments, though he lived in a marble palace. Homer begged his bread. Robert Browning was born and brought up a gentleman. Robert Burns was a son of the soil.

In short, there is no rule nor guide to literary, any more than to any other sort of success. A few foundation principles form a moral and expedient starting-point, but thence each worker must carve his own way. "That by which a man conquers in any passage is a profound secret to every other person in the world," said the seer. He might have added, "and it can never be imparted."

The soul with convictions and with enthusiasms, hating shams and despising imitation and flattery, is going to be heard. No amount of model-study or statistic-hunting can give success to any other kind.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

At the Gates of Klondike.

It is nearly a month since I wrote you of the Klondike, which was then in the first flush of its boom. Since then several thousand people have left San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, and Victoria for the gold-camps, and are on the way still. Some of them went by way of St. Michael's, intending to ascend the Yukon in the steamers of the North American Navigation Company; but the greater portion took the Juneau route and landed at Juneau or Dyea, or Skaguay. Our latest dates are from St. Michael's to August 16th, from Skaguay to August 21st, and from the lakes to August 10th. The adventurers who took the Skaguay route are floundering in the mud, and strung out along a line fifty miles long from the head-waters of Lynn Canal to the lakes. Some of them are in tents, some in cabins; some sleep *à la belle étoile*, and dream that a villainous Chilkoot is shooting them in the shoulder with his arrows. Everybody has plenty to eat; flour and bacon are cheaper at Juneau than at Seattle; and thus far there has been no suffering from cold, the blizzards not being due till September.

Among the adventurers who have crossed the passes, many have done some wading in the Dyea and Skaguay rivers. A lady has placed her opinion on record that, so far as her sex is concerned, wading waist-deep in ice-cold water becomes monotonous after a time; she exchanged her skirts for an extra pair of her husband's trousers with satisfaction. But there has been no loss of life or limb. There is a spot on Chilkoot Pass where the grade is so steep that progression is easiest on all fours, and, as on Vesuvius, a brisk gait is best attained when an Indian propels the traveler by butting him with his head from behind. On White's Pass so many horses have been injured and shot by their owners that a heated spell would be likely to generate a pestilence; the poor brutes lie in heaps with swollen abdomens, and long legs clawing the air. But the pioneers have met no worse fate than casualties for which St. Jacob's Oil is said to be a cure, and their tempers have suffered more than their persons. The laurels so long enjoyed by our army in Flanders as a fountain of excretion may now be transferred to the pioneers to Skaguay.

Gold-seekers were warned before they took ship for Alaska that they must provide themselves with supplies, as the country to which they were going was an empty desert; hence, provident adventurers took a year's rations with them, besides tools and lumber for house-building. Some paid freight on boats in sections, which were to be put together for the navigation of the lakes and river. Not one boat has thus far been got across the passes, and as there is plenty of timber on Lake Bennett, and a mill with a whip saw, they will probably all be left on the beach of the salt-water inlet. The more impetuous of the new-comers have been so bothered with the embarrassment of their riches, in the shape of tools and food, that they have left the bulk of them by the road-side. The trails over Chilkoot and White's are walled with piles of boxes and bales, some of which bear the inscription, "Help yourselves!" The writers were so eager to reach the land of nuggets that they were willing to run some risk of going hungry on the way.

The great river of the north takes its rise in a monstrous quagmire, which was once a sheet of water and is now divided between bog and lake. At this season, between the eastern foothills of the Skaguay range and Lake Lindeman, the soil is soggy and the traveler sinks to the ankle; by and by the ground will be frozen solid, like the Siberian tundra, and travel will only be impeded by the sportive snowdrift. Across this stretch of lowland, seven or eight miles wide, the patient travelers now plod their weary way, like pilgrims to Mecca. Tons of food and piles of lumber invite but do not allure the thief. Here and there an open box displays sugar and coffee, which will be priceless by and by. At intervals fly-tents flap a hospitable canvas door to the wayfarer, who is informed by a sign on a board that genuine old Bourbon can be obtained inside at the moderate price of fifty cents a glass.

In a body of prospectors there are necessarily many sorts and conditions of men. Some, with set lips and clinched teeth, are pegging along, bent on reaching the lakes, if life lasts, though with no very definite purpose as to what they will do when they get there—where they will get boats, and how, if they get them, they will find their way to the El Dorado which is their goal. Still, their grit is good and their stomachs stout. Others again, and of these the number is increasing, have broken down, and openly confess a yearning for the old flesh-pots. Stalwart men are met, with tears flowing down their cheeks and curses on their lips. One of them, whose acquaintance with sheol was not derived from Biblical sources, says that the White Pass trail is about as near hell as any man wants to go.

Three or four parties procured boats on Lake Bennett, pushed through lake after lake, and are now on the bosom of the Yukon, where the ice has not yet begun to run. Scraps of news from them have reached civilization by courier. After leaving Lake Lebarge the Yukon is an angry, turbulent river, with rapids and whirlpools, in which men may easily lose their lives; flowing between sand-banks sloping up to green pine woods, and grim brown mountains beyond, it would be delightful if it had a few hotels here and there. When the rapids are passed, the river widens into a dull, sluggish stream, with roses and wild-flowers on its banks and loons and ptarmigans skimming its surface. The travelers write that they are often overtaken by parties going in, but they meet no one going out. The most advanced party from which any word has come is now within four hundred miles of Klondike.

From the other side of the Arctic territory there is no news to relieve the monotonous gloom. When the *Portland* left St. Michael's, on the 16th, the *Weave*, which was supposed to contain a million or two of gold from Klondike, had not arrived; it was supposed that she had grounded on a sand-bar, or that her machinery had broken down. St. Michael's was plunged in its normal desolation. It was raining—it always does that; it was blowing—it generally does that. Everybody was in bad temper, which usually happens to people who have started out on a journey and are arrested on the way by insuperable impediments. Several river-boats were due at St. Michael's. It is to be hoped that they have arrived since then, but the Yukon is very low; in its normal condition it is only suited for navigation by vessels which can sail wherever it is a little damp. There are four thousand two hundred tons of goods at St. Michael's waiting for transportation to Circle City or Dawson.

The problem which was being discussed at St. Michael's when the *Portland* left was whether the two great companies which control the Yukon region would be able to get sufficient food up the river to feed the thousands who may be at the mining-camps, and who may have to stay there till next spring's thaw comes. A miner from Klondike says that if one river-boat breaks down it will mean starvation for one-third of the men now at Klondike. It is due to the two companies to add that they are straining every nerve to forward food from St. Michael's, and if Providence should be so kind as to delay the approach of winter for a few days they will probably succeed.

In the meantime, by comparing the accounts of the returned miners, the public are arriving at a better understanding of the new mining region. Next to the Klondike, the most promising diggings are on the Stewart, which empties into the Yukon from the east, about seventy miles above the Klondike. Gold was first found here in 1885, on bars within one hundred miles of the river mouth. There was a time in that fall when six thousand dollars to the man were taken out with rockers in

here for lucrative employment for thousands of miners for, at any rate, several decades.

Your readers need not be told that, while the average earnings of an army of gold-seekers on the Yukon may be above the average wages of farm laborers in the United States, the gains will be unequally divided, some winning thousands, others depending on charity for bread. The precious metal is distributed so capriciously that neither science nor experience avails to indicate where to look for it. No one would have expected to find gold in the low, willow-grown marsh through which the El Dorado and the Bonanza flow, but the rich finds have been made there. All through the region the gold is found near the surface, twelve to twenty feet below the grass-roots. But those twelve or twenty feet are frozen earth, as solid as rock, yet differing from rock in that it cannot be blasted. The earth must be thawed and knocked to pieces with a pick. It takes two or three weeks of the hardest work to drive a hole through the frozen layer under which the gold-bearing gravel lies.

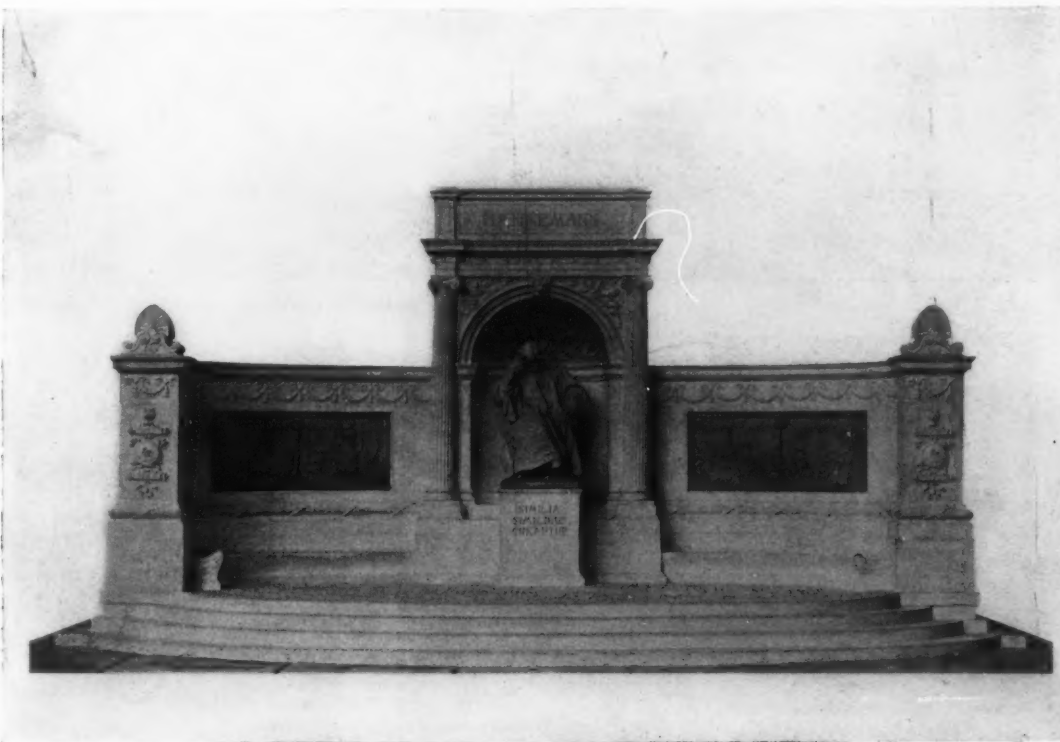
The hope of the placer-miner is to find the quartz-bed which was the cradle of the nuggets and fine gold found in the streams. Thus far that source, which miners call the mother vein, has not been found in Alaska. But Mr. Ogilvie, who is a scientific geologist, and who has spent years in British Columbia and the Northwest Territory as government surveyor, is of opinion that the mother vein is not far from the present workings along the Yukon. He does not think that the nuggets have been washed out of gravel; they look as if they had been hammered out of a lode.

JOHN BONNER.

The Hahnemann Memorial.

At its meeting in 1892 the American Institute of Homœopathy inaugurated a movement to erect in the city of Washington a memorial to Hahnemann, as the leader of the new school of medicine, whose principle is "*Similia similibus curantur*." A committee of medical men, headed by J. H. McClelland, M.D., of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, held meetings in Washington, New York, Chicago, Denver, and Newport, and sufficient support was promised to justify the committee in proceeding with the selection of a design.

Considerable interest was aroused by the competition which followed. Three prizes were offered and some sixty sculptors invited to compete. Twenty-four models were submitted by sculptors from St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Brooklyn, and New York, as well as Paris, Rome, and Florence, representing American, French, German, Spanish, and Italian sculpture. These were exhibited to the public at the gallery of the American Academy of Fine Arts during the week beginning February 4th, 1895, being the first exhibition of this kind in the country. The press was invited to a private



THE HAHNEMANN MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON.

fifty days. Since then work has been prosecuted fitfully; last season two parties wintered on the upper waters, and it is said that they did well on the creeks.

The Klondike region proper is embraced within a radius of forty miles. The gold is found in creeks known as Bear, Hunter, Gold-bottom, Dominion, Bonanza, and El Dorado; these water-courses have supplied the bulk of the treasure exported this year. Of the upper waters of the Klondike nothing is known; but they will be thoroughly prospected this winter.

Another gold-field is expected to be found on Indian River, which falls into the Yukon about thirty miles above Klondike. In two creeks emptying into this river, and known as Quartz Creek and Wolf Creek, Indians are said to have been finding gold for several years. Another river which is attracting attention is the McMillan, which falls into the Yukon about two hundred miles above Klondike; a story is current that two men cleared up fifty-five thousand dollars there in three months. Even in Schwatka's time the gravel of the Pelly was known to be auriferous; it will be looked after this coming season.

From the mouth of the Pelly to the mouth of the Klondike the distance is about four hundred miles, and at every few miles along this distance a stream flows into the great river. Each of these streams receives the waters of creeks many miles long, and, so far as is known, gold is found on every bar in every creek. If miners were content with wages there is room

view, whereby attention was called to the undertaking, and a notoriety given to it that no other sculptural competition has obtained. The committee, together with the advisory committee of the National Sculpture Society, consisting of Messrs. Daniel C. French, George E. Bissell, and Olin L. Warner, representing the sculptors, and Thomas Hastings and Russell Sturgis, on behalf of the architects, unanimously awarded the first prize to the American sculptor, Charles H. Niehaus.

The architectural features of the memorial were designed by Julius Harder, of the firm of Israels & Harder, of New York. The structure is in the form of a Greek *exedra*—in plain English an out-door seat—and is elliptical in plan. It is composed of North Jay granite, which is said to be the whitest in existence, from the quarries of the Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company, of Portland, Maine, who are also executing the stone work. The bronze work consists of the colossal figure and four panels, set in pairs, representing Hahnemann as, respectively, student, chemist, lecturer, and practitioner. They are being cast by the Gorham Company, of Providence and New York. On a panel at the back of the structure is the following inscription: "Christian Friedrich Samuel Hahnemann, Doctor in Medicine, Hofrath; Leader of the Great Medical Reformation of the Nineteenth Century; Founder of the Homœopathic School of Medicine. Aude Sapere." The cost will be seventy-five thousand dollars, exclusive of foundations.



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER "BEAR" CONVOYING THE TREASURE STEAMER "PORTLAND" FROM ST. MICHAEL'S ISLAND TO SEATTLE.



C. J. BERRY STARTING FOR DAWSON CITY WITH FREIGHT BOAT.



BERRY'S DUMPS, ON EL DORADO CREEK.



GROUP OF KLONDIKE MINERS



MINING CAMP IN THE YUKON COUNTRY.



MINERS WITH PACKS STARTING FOR THE DIGGINGS.



TOWN OF FORTY MILE, ON

SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIFE AND SC

[SEE PAGE 215.]



INTERIOR OF A STORE AT CIRCLE CITY.



VIEW OF DAWSON CITY, WITH STEAMERS "WEARE" AND "HEALY" AT THE LANDING.



GROUP OF KLONDIKE MINERS.



SAWING LUMBER FOR BOATS.



BUILDING BOATS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE LINDEMAN.



TOWN OF FORTY MILE, ON THE YUKON.



LAKE LINDEMAN.

FE AND SCENES IN THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY.

[SEE PAGE 215.]

Millet's Barbizon.

ONE afternoon last spring I went to the Gare de Lyon, in Paris, and joyfully bought a ticket for Melun. My joy grew as, leaving the train, I climbed the crazy diligence and we rumbled along the well-remembered road that winds, white and dusty, through Chailly to Barbizon. It was six years since I had seen those wonderful plains that stretch from the dawn to the sunset, or heard the wind in those pines of Fontainebleau. But how familiar and how unchanged it all seemed as we clattered over the cobbles of the little street, sleeping in the spring sunshine as it has slept for centuries. And that quaint little white-capped woman, unbent with her apparent years—she, too, is familiar. It was Madame Siron herself, trotting nimbly down the street. I confess to a great affection for the old lady, who, had she but the pen of angels, or even journalists, could write such a history of art in the nineteenth century as would make all other records seem dull and unreal.

It was sad news that she gave me, after a quite maternal greeting. She had sold her hotel! Barbizon without the Hotel Siron—is it not almost a contradiction in terms? She had worked long enough, she said, and felt that she had a right to rest. Oh, she could not complain. Times had been hard lately, but still she was sure of having a crust, and a cabbage in the pot, for the rest of her days. Besides, she saw no longer the old familiar faces, and it was a little *triste*. So chattering, she led me back to the hotel, and there, in the vine-covered court-yard, she presented me as an old friend to Monsieur Batchelard, the new proprietor, who assured me that there should be just as much to eat as in the old days.

How well he intended to keep his promise I found when I presently came down to dinner. The season was young, and the long, dark dining-room, peopled with many caressing memories, was but half-filled. One or two friends of the Latin Quarter were there, Americans all. There was an American singer, too, come to rest her tired throat; with her an English lady, the acknowledged queen of amateur artists. At the head of the table sat Henry Naguely, as he seems to have sat for a century, so full is he of traditions and recollections of the great people who are among the immortals. The smoky walls were covered, for the most part, with the pictures I remembered; but what was the strange, haunting sense of something missing that troubled me? All through the long and excellent dinner I



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MILLET.

Dodd had discovered Carthew, for which I was searching. Since I had last been there I had read and re-read "The Wrecker," until that famous picture had become so real to me that, although unconsciously, I had looked to find it there, an actual fact, upon the dingy walls.

There was enough and to spare of realities, however. Or was it indeed real, that marvelous vision that is to be seen by him

story to tell. Millet's long and weary struggle for success, and for the prosperity which lagged behind even when fame had come; the joyous nights in her café when, their day's work done, he would forgather with Diaz and Rousseau and the rest of the famous band; the eccentricities and whims of Louis Stevenson, who for so long made Barbizon his resting-place; all these and other like memories made the sum of her genial



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



MILLET'S STUDIO AND GARDEN.

was searching for something I could not find; something I could not even define. Was it a face, a name, a picture? At last I found the clew, as I heard my neighbor name Louis Stevenson. It was that picture of the lagoon, by means of which Loudon

who, on a moonlight night, will climb to the top of the Gorge d'Apremont and look down on the panorama at his feet? Is it not rather a phantom landscape, conjured out of some old romance, where the pine-trees quiver mysteriously with an omen to tell, and the white rocks crouch down around the place of a forgotten tragedy? Surely, too, he leaves the nineteenth century behind him, with all its noisy actualities, who wanders—still by moonlight—up the white road that leads (so tradition says) straight through the heart of the forest to Rome. Turn aside between the silver birches to the enchanted glade where that grand old oak, now, after many historic changes, finally christened "Le Bouquet de l'Empereur," dreams alone of the gallant pictures it has seen. Ronsard must have woven his songs beneath its shade—can you not hear their echoes? And if one could make visible the ghosts of the lovely women and courtly men who, since the time of the first Francis, have loved and laughed and suffered here, whom would you wish to see? My choice is made—Diane de Poitiers.

But the morning sun puts an end to dreaming. Nothing, for instance, could be more real than my journey, in pajamas, to the bath on which I have insisted, to the dismay of the proprietor. After a walk through the long garden and across a farmyard, I am at last conducted to a fowl-house. In the middle of the mud floor stands a huge barrel filled to the top with icy spring water. Remembering the ingenuity necessary to profit by this primitive bath, I do not wonder that the assembled fowls gazed upon my antics with undisguised astonishment, nor that the villagers used to stare at me over the wall with open contempt for the absurd Anglo-Saxon love of cleanliness.

Very real, too, is Madame Siron, sitting outside her cottage door as you see her here in a photograph that her son, the much-traveled Alexandre, took at my particular request. She talks, after the fashion of her honest, simple class, of the famous people she has seen and known here in her village. It is to Diaz that she attributes the beginning of her success as a hotel-keeper, for though Millet was the first of his time to settle in the village, he had never been an inmate of the hotel. Diaz it was who became the pioneer of her humble fame, and brought the crowds of visitors who enabled her to rise from poverty, as a seller of eggs and milk, to the comparative wealth she now enjoys. Of each and all she has some quaint memory to evoke, some simple

garrulity. Suddenly she burst into laughter, and turning to me, said:

"You knew Monsieur Stevenson, did you not? Yes. Well, then, did you ever hear how he was locked up for a whole night? No—I thought not—nobody seems to have heard of it. It was very simple. You see, he was very poor then—*tout à fait dans la dèche*—but besides that, he used to wear such clothes! So one day he was walking in a little village on the other side of the forest, and he had a lot of old books he had bought. Figure to yourself what a picture he made! Well, there arrives a gendarme, who didn't know him, and, *coûte*! he claps Monsieur Stevenson in prison on the charge of being a tramp and a beggar. You should have heard the story from monsieur's lips when they let him out, the next day. *Mais c'était rigolo comme tout*! And did he never put it in his books?"

I assured her that, as far as I knew, he had never printed the story, which I here present to the world, since nothing that concerns Stevenson should be lost. Much more she told me that I would like to recall, but cannot; and at length I wandered back into the forest, past the rock which bears the bronze medallions of the two painters who have made the beauty of the country so peculiarly their own. It is true that you see no more the peasant in the field bending beneath the benediction of the evening angelus; but the land has still that quiet charm, that sober mystery of patient, hopeless toil, which Millet has distilled into his pictures. The old, simple faith has gone, it seems; and if you have seen the villagers going out with clubs and rusty muskets to kill the deer in the dawn, you might well think that nothing but brutality remains. Yet, for all who have eyes to see and ears to hearken, I think that Barbizon will always remain the ultimate home of romance. There is a sound among the pine-needles on the grass, as visible spring comes towards you crowned with more wonderful flowers than Botticelli saw. Here a poet may surely come to find his phantom and fugitive dreams, a lover to recall the days when life had not lost its crown and its significance. An English poet has sung of the

"Fated lovers who had lost their loves,
And wandered into glory other ways."

If, indeed, there be any other ways to glory for such, one of them at least must lie through Barbizon.

SIDNEY THOMPSON.



MADAME SIRON, INN-KEEPER OF BARBIZON.

Sir Walter Scott's Lesson at Eton.

THE recent presentation to Queen Victoria of the five youngest boys of Eton, of whom Master Cecil F. A. Walker, twelve years old, is the junior, has set Englishmen now in this country to telling stories of their Eton days which put a new light on the institution.



THE SMALLEST BOY AT ETON.

The general impression is that an Eton boy, coming as he does almost exclusively from the aristocratic classes of England, is a rather snobbish person. Perhaps he is until it is "taken out of him" in his earlier days, but "taken out" it surely is.

Some of the stories of the reforming processes are very funny. There's one apocryphal tale that is said to be thoroughly characteristic. If not true, it might be.

A new boy, a boy of great dignity of manner, is observed wandering about alone. Some older boys, having eyed him from a distance, advance.

"Who are you?" they ask.

"I'm Lord Blank. I've just come."

"Well, who else are you?"

"My sister is Lady Blank."

"Go on."

"My father is the Earl of Blank."

"Go on."

"My grandfather is the Duke of Blank."

"Go on."

"Go on? What more do you want?"

"No more!" they shout, and straightway they set upon him and skillfully kick him across the play-ground.

"There's one kick for you, that's a lord!" they cry as they go. "And two for your sister, that's a lady! There's three for your father, who's an earl, and four for your grandfather, who is a duke; and if you ever put on any more airs around here you'll get it all over again. Do you understand?"

The present Sir Walter Scott tells the story himself of how he fell into disgrace when he first arrived at Eton. It seems that he was very fond of his grandfather, the old Duke of Buccleugh, and used to talk about him a great deal. He was not even sophisticated enough to take warning from the ominous silence that greeted every mention of the old gentleman's name, but prattled on.

Finally, one day, the boys arose *en masse*. They were at the top of a long hill when Sir Walter lifted up his voice in innocent praise of "my grandfather the duke." The first thing he knew the air was full of fiends who were kicking him down the hill, screaming at him: "Take that for your grandfather the duke! Take that for your grandfather the duke!"

"They kept it up," he says, "until I came to my senses enough to cry for mercy. Then they stopped. 'Did you have enough?' they said. 'All you wanted?' I said I had. 'Well, young fellow, bear it in mind that it isn't a half of what you'll get if you ever mention your grandfather the duke as long as you're in Eton! This is a boys' school. It isn't a school for snobs.'"

The Marine Hospital and Yellow Fever.

If yellow fever, which has been introduced into Mississippi and Louisiana, is confined to that section and stamped out with small loss of life, as now seems probable, the credit for the protection of many thousand persons from its ravages will be due to the Marine Hospital service at Washington. Dr. Drake, who was an authority on the disease, fixed its limit in the United States at four hundred and sixty feet above the sea level. Fort Smith, in Arkansas, which is four hundred and sixty feet above the sea, is the highest point in this country in which yellow fever has occurred.

It is evident that only a small part of the country is threatened seriously by the disease; but as that section contains a large population the possible loss of life is enormous. Quick action is necessary to protect life against any contagious epidemic. It is chiefly on the principle of "in time of peace prepare for war" that the elaborate system of the Marine Hospital service is maintained.

This service has its headquarters in Washington. It is under control of a surgeon-general (Dr. Wyman), and it has a large staff of surgeons and minor medical officers scattered all over the country. In every large port it has a representative, and it maintains quarantine stations at Delaware Breakwater, Cape Charles, Fisher's Island, Port Townsend, San Francisco, San Diego, North Chandeleur Island, Blackbeard Island, Thimble Light, Sapelo Sound.

The surgeon-general keeps in touch with all the countries of the world through correspondence with our consuls. If an epidemic breaks out abroad the fact is telegraphed to the State Department, the Secretary of State informs the surgeon-general, and the surgeon-general wires a message to every seaport on the coast of the United States to quarantine against the afflicted city. While the quarantine lasts passengers, mail, and freight from that city are sent to quarantine stations and fumigated, so as to kill any possible disease germs they may carry.

Even when there is no quarantine against a city, suspicious cases of illness aboard a ship, reported to the health officer at the port of arrival, may cause the detention of the ship's crew and passengers until the case has been examined.

In spite of these precautions it sometimes happens, as in the present case, that yellow fever, small-pox, or cholera slips past the men who guard our shores; and suddenly the report goes out to the world that the deadly disease has been found in one of our cities. It may be that the case is only sporadic; it may be that the germs of the disease, introduced in the clothing of some immigrant, perhaps, have been distributed among a great many persons, and that the first case precedes a wide outbreak. The surgeon-general, when the case is reported to him, assumes that it is sporadic, but acts on the theory that it may be the advance sign of a general epidemic. Instructions are telegraphed immediately to the nearest representative of the Marine Hospital to investigate the case. If possible it is traced to its origin, and every person who might have encountered the same contagious influence is put under surveillance. If more cases develop, arrangements are made to isolate the suspects—either those who are supposed to have come under the contagious influence or those who exhibit suspicious symptoms.

When the plague is found to be epidemic steps are taken promptly to cut off from all communication the city or the section afflicted. Refuge-camps are established, and to these persons from the afflicted cities go. They live in tents, examined daily by physicians, and any one in whom the plague develops is sent back for treatment to the city from which he comes.

All means of egress from the cities are watched closely, and fumigating stations are established on the lines of all the railroads. These stations are made of box-cars, divided into two compartments. In each compartment are shelves of wire netting. On these shelves is placed the clothing of all persons leaving the afflicted cities, to be fumigated by sulphur. Other fumigation-cars are established for handling mail, and no letter, newspaper, or package is permitted to leave the quarantined section until a hole has been punched in it and it has been fumigated.

All persons leaving the infected district must not only submit to fumigation, but remain for several days in an observation-camp before the surgeons give them a clean bill of health and let them proceed on their journey. Inspectors of the Marine Hospital furnish to each passenger examined a ticket showing the point to which he is bound, the number of pieces of luggage he carries, and the date of his examination; and each passenger is required to sign this ticket as a means of identification.

All this involves an immense amount of work. It is felt in every branch of the Marine Hospital service. Surgeons who do not go to the stricken district find their labor doubled by the absence of those who do. The surgeon-general and his assistants must keep in touch with the fever field day and night, and direct all the work by telegraph. As for the men who are actually in the field, theirs is an almost sleepless vigil. Their medical labors with the sick are wearing enough, but to add to their burden they have to combat the nervous apprehension of the well. The fears of these men and women often throw them into panic, and shot-guns are last resorts to keep them in control.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Medical Grievances.

In a country like the United States, where the facilities for securing an education, even a collegiate one, are unequalled, there is always a danger that an undue proportion of the population will forsake industrial pursuits and join the professions. But even admitting that such is the case, many will claim that the evil will correct itself, and that the fact of a newly-fledged doctor or lawyer finding the profession he was to engage in congested would have a deterrent effect upon others thinking of adopting such vocations. This, however, has not been the case, up to the present. The ranks of the practitioners of law and medicine have been overcrowded for years, but this has not discouraged constantly-increasing numbers from engaging in these occupations. Statistics show that the number of these is a steadily-increasing ratio as compared with the increase in population.

There are now in this country about one hundred and twelve thousand physicians, or one to six hundred and thirty inhabitants. It would be absurd to suppose that the state of the public health is such as to give remunerative employment to this large army of doctors. In England, where the health conditions are perhaps not as good, one medical practitioner for each fifteen hundred of inhabitants seems to meet all the requirements; in France one to eighteen hundred; in Germany one to three thousand; while Russia gets along with one physician to attend to the ailments of six thousand people.

Other circumstances, also, as well as the overcrowding of the profession, affect the general practitioner's interests adversely. Formerly the family physician was the family friend, and he was consulted in every case of sickness. Now it is entirely different. For ordinary cases he may do well enough, but in those of a serious nature the services of a specialist are required. The family, of course, is not to blame for securing the best possible talent, and it is not the physician's fault, but his misfortune, that he cannot treat the particular case as well as the specialist, who has devoted his attention to a certain department of medicine, almost to the exclusion of all others. The theory and practice of medicine and surgery have become so amplified with recent years that it is utterly impossible for any practitioner to gain more than a rudimentary knowledge of their various departments. It is not, then, strange that the tendency is towards specialism in medical practice. It is quite certain that this feature will become still more marked in the time to come, until, finally, the general practitioner who has not the desire or the ability to become a specialist will be called upon to prescribe only for trifling ailments, his services never being required for any serious trouble, unless by those who are too poor to pay for special talent, or too indifferent about the result to secure the best treatment.

Specialism, while undoubtedly a boon to society, is an evil so far as the interests of the ordinary practitioner are concerned. There is, however, another evil, and a real one, connected with the treatment of the sick, which reacts unfavorably upon soci-

ety and upon both specialists and general practitioners—i.e., the abuse of free treatment in dispensaries and hospitals. It is a notorious fact that this gratuitous treatment is taken advantage of by people, even in easy circumstances. Persons of wealth have been known to drive with their carriage and coachman and stop just around the corner and make the rest of the journey on foot to receive free treatment. A woman who had been for years a free patient at a New York dispensary was ultimately discovered to be rich, and upon being prosecuted for posing as a poor patient was compelled to pay one thousand dollars to the institution for the treatment she had received. True, such instances are extremely rare, but that they could occur at all would appear to imply a laxity of administration in such institutions.

During the last twelve months the hospitals of New York City received and cared for four hundred and twelve thousand free patients. While the great majority of those were undoubtedly unable to pay for treatment and were proper subjects of charity, it is quite certain that many thousands were in a position to pay were they compelled to do so, and were they unable to secure medical advice otherwise.

Mendacious mendicancy is not less despicable, nor less deserving of censure, when it solicits free medicine or free treatment than when it begs for alms at the street corner. Those who are unable to help themselves should be helped, not as something that they can claim from society as a right, but as a matter of sympathy and benevolence. Those who are able to pay for a doctor's services should be compelled to do so, and there should be no possible way of their obtaining medical relief in any other manner.

In Greater New York there will be about six thousand physicians, or one to each five hundred of its inhabitants. The average yearly income of these will be about sixteen hundred and thirty dollars, but the division of this is very unequal. A leading doctor recently said that his practice brought him in ten thousand dollars a month, while another, not the least prosperous in the city by any means, remarked that he was glad when he made one hundred dollars in the same time.

The former has but little competition in the sparsely-occupied places at the top of the profession, while the latter is jostled and crowded as he struggles in the congested ranks at the bottom. It matters little to the first whether the system of medical charity is abused or not, but to the other it is an affair of very vital importance indeed.

N. MACDONALD.

The Troopers.

We clattered into the village street, and up to the Rose and Crown,
And we roared a toast to the Tory host as we tossed his liquor down:
"Long life to General Washington! He's a gentleman, we trow!
But death to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord Howe!"

Then we doffed the hat as down we sat, and bade him fatten the board,
And when he whimpered and wheezed and whined we gave a clank of the sword:
By his own wide hearth 'twas a matter for mirth to see him bend and cower,
This cringing thing to a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord Howe.

We had ridden fast, we had ridden far, and under the stars had slept:
Out of the night for the foray-fight we into the dawn had crept;
Long and late we had laughed at fate, we had hungered oft, and now
'Twas a goodly thing to feast like a king, and his vassal, my great Lord Howe!

We had kissed our mothers and kissed our wives and kissed our sweethearts true:
As a grain of sand we had held our lives in the work we had to do:
We were "Rebels" all, proud name, God wot! because we would not bow
Our heads to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord Howe!

"To saddle, lads!" was the word we heard leap blithe from the captain's tongue,
So we raised a rouse for the Tory house as out of the door we flung:
"Long life to General Washington! He's a gentleman, we trow!
But death to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord Howe!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Asthma and Hay-Fever Cure—Free.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years in Hay-fever season he slept propped up in a chair. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To prove its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case free by mail to every sufferer from Asthma. If you need it, we advise you to send for it.

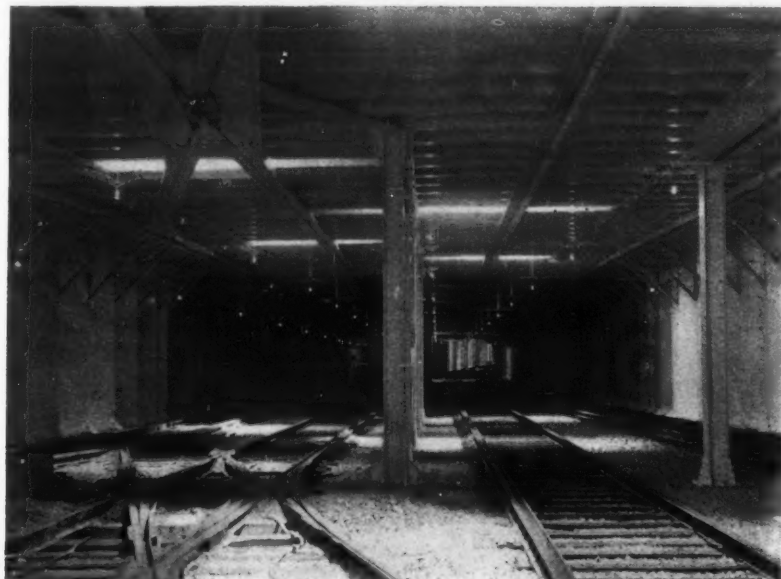
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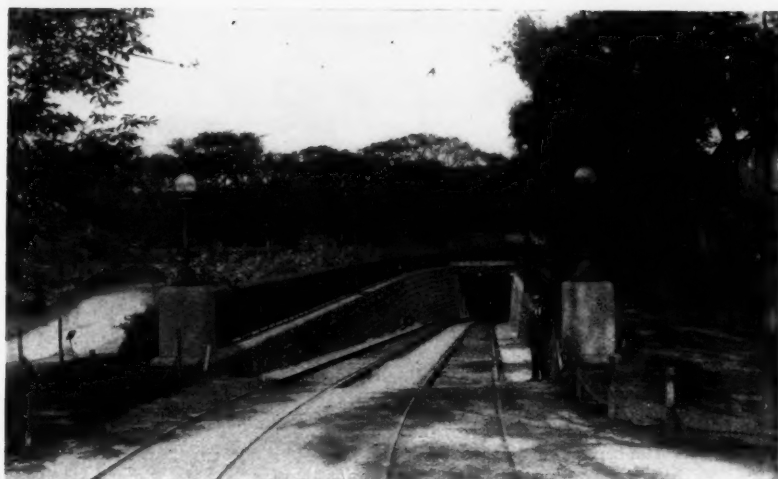
ENTRANCE TO SUBWAY, TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS.



UNDER TREMONT STREET MALL.

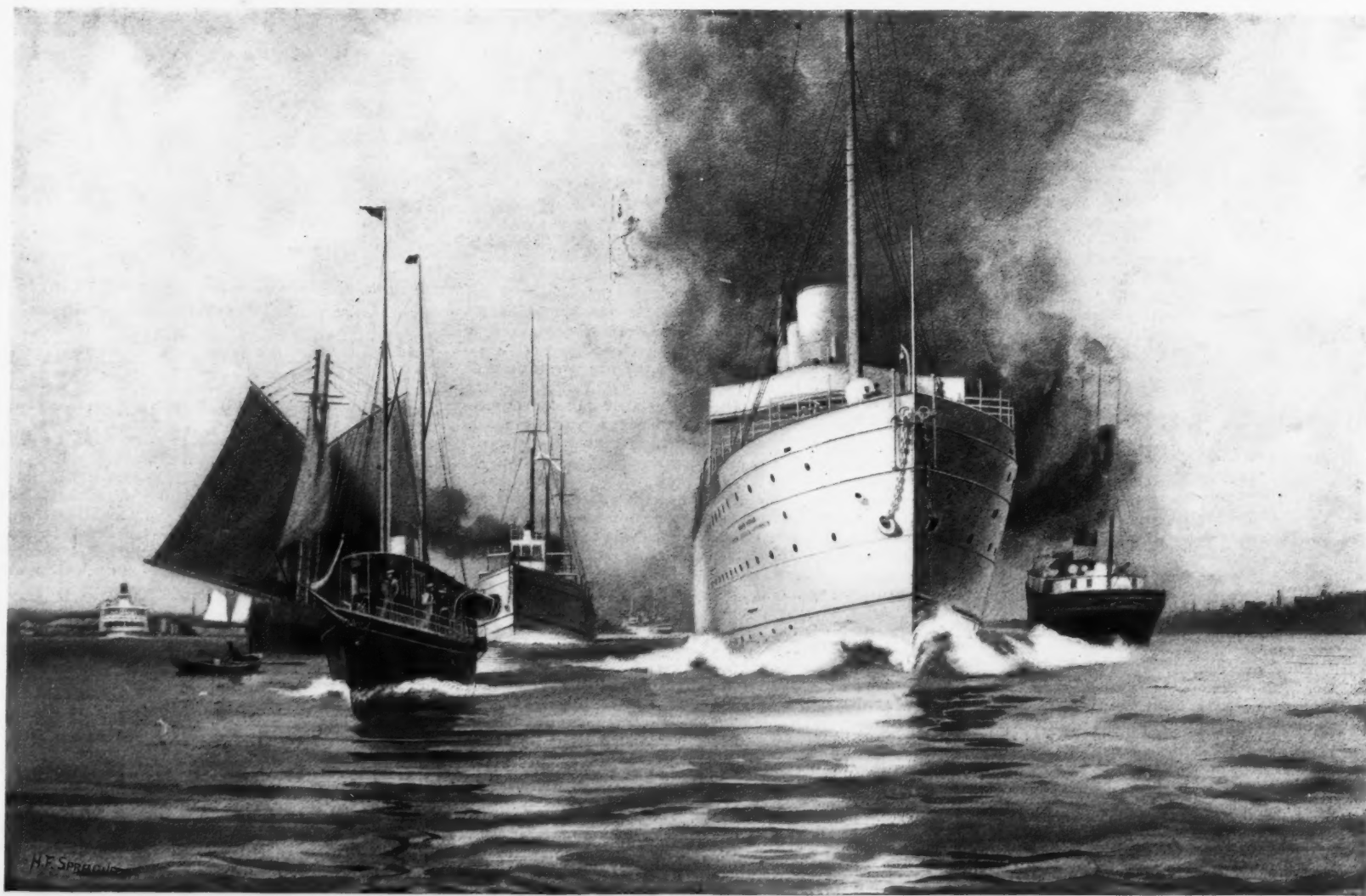


PARK STREET STATION.



INCLINE IN PUBLIC GARDEN.

BOSTON'S NEW SUBWAY TO SECURE RAPID TRANSIT.



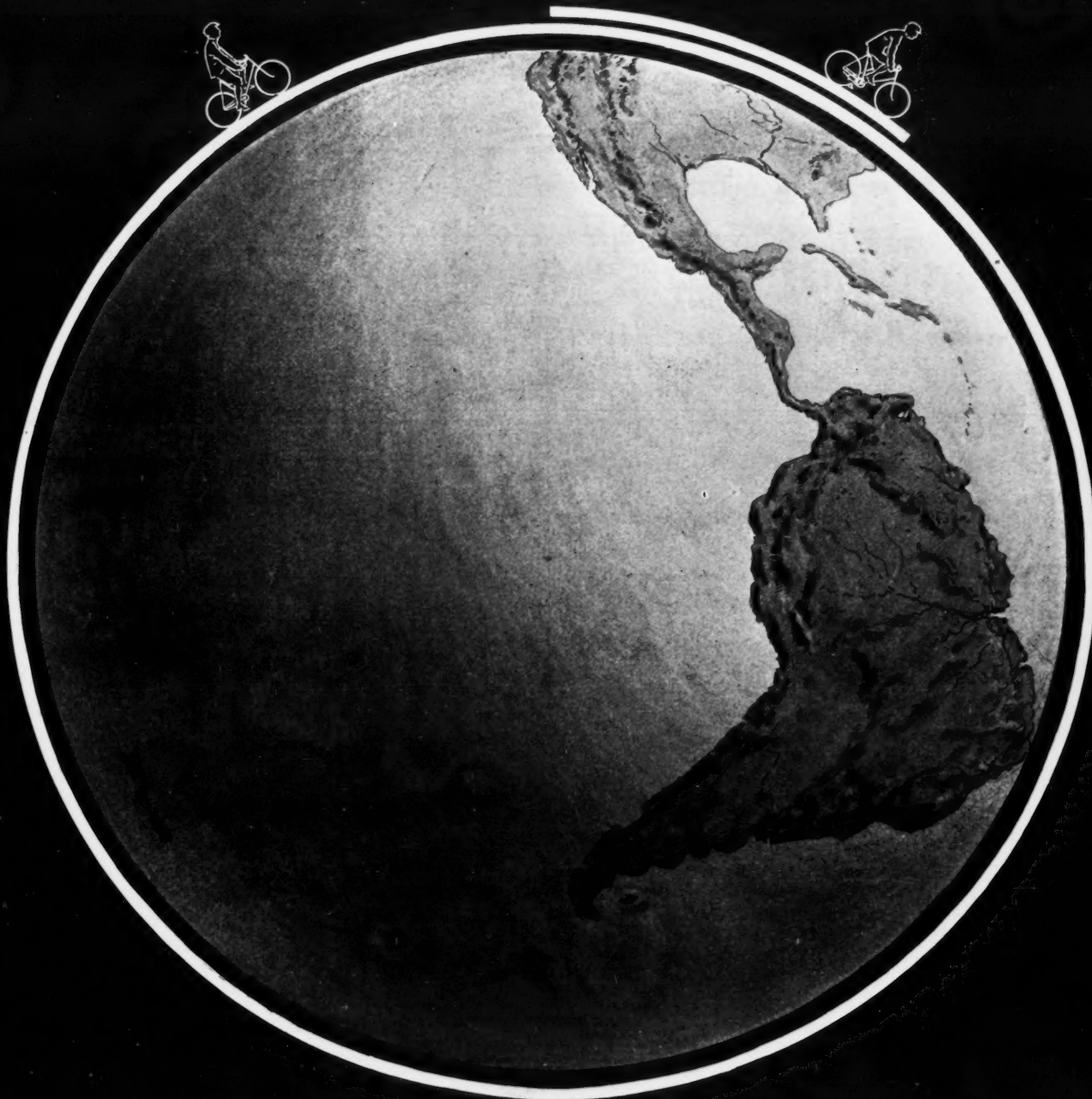
COMMERCE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

The greatest inland commerce in the world is that on the great lakes of America. Indeed, it compares favorably with the commerce of the greatest commercial and largest ship-owning country in the world. Through the Detroit River there passed, during eight months of navigation in 1896, 32,500,000 net tons of all kinds of freight. Lake Superior alone amounted to 16,239,061 net tons. This does not include the immense traffic from and to the central West through Lake Michigan. In 1896, during the eight and one-half months of navigation, 18,615 vessels of 17,249,418 net registered tons passed the Sault Canal from and to Lake Superior, while during the whole year the Suez Canal was used by only 3,409 vessels of 8,560,284 tons. The average voyage of the vessels passing the Soo was eight hundred and thirty-six miles, and the cost of carrying was ninety-nine mills per ton per mile. The average freight on wheat from Duluth to Buffalo, one thousand miles, was two and one-eighth cents. During the present season grain was carried for some time eight hundred and ninety miles, Chicago to Buffalo, at a cent a bushel, and ore was carried one thousand miles at fifty cents a ton, and coal was carried one thousand miles at twenty cents a ton.

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How much do you weigh?

About 100 pounds.

Do you ride much?

About ten miles a month.

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To the Others : By the tests of our own and other laboratories, and on the road, covering not weeks, but years, the above comparison has been shown to be true of the best qualities of steel. It is not true of any other tube but our own. It seems to be true of ours, though. If you are light enough and buy a new wheel every month it will be perfectly safe not to insist upon having **"PIONEER"** Tube in it.

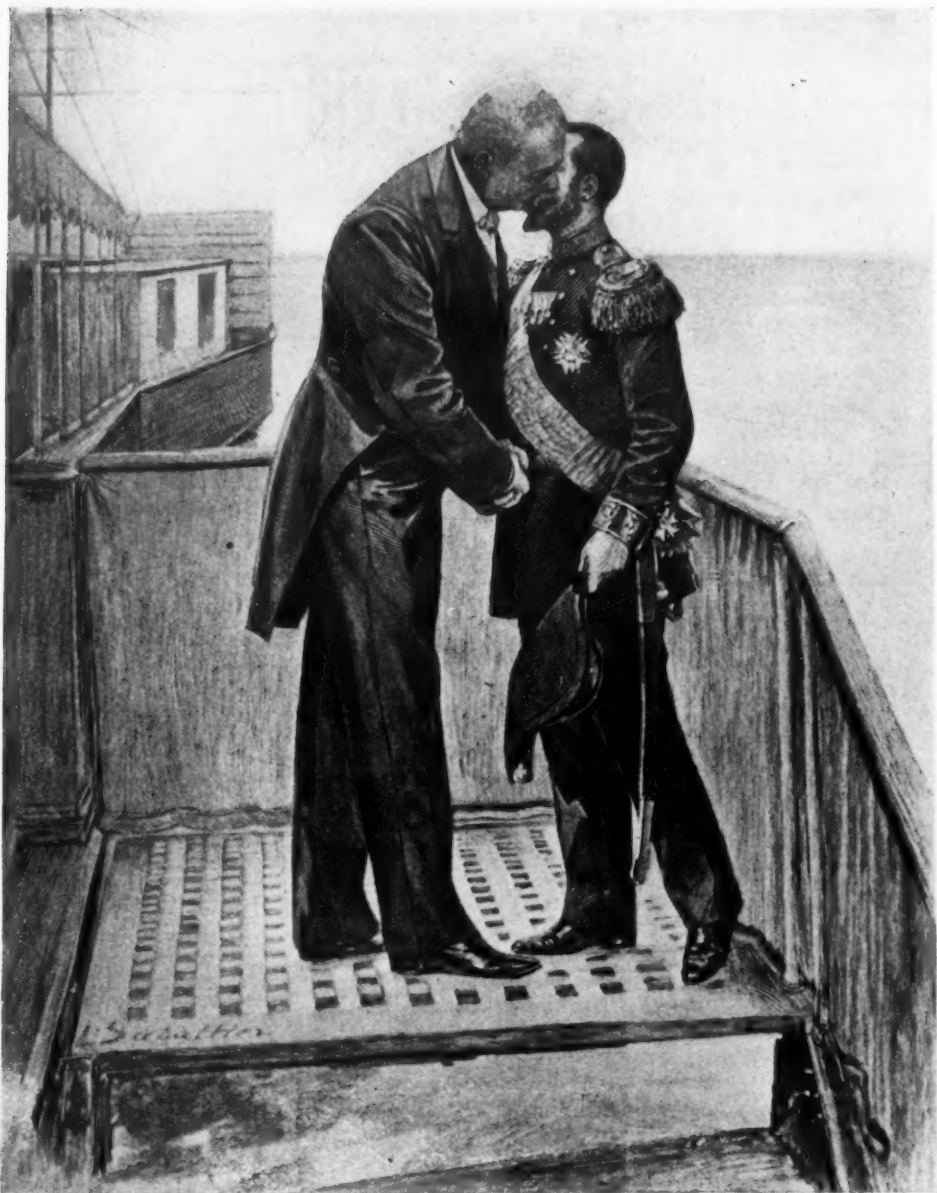
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CZAR AND PRESIDENT—THE SALUTATION OF WELCOME.—*L'illustration*.



SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT FAURE, ON HIS LANDING AT THE PETERHOF PIER.—*London Graphic*.



RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW TROITZKY BRIDGE, AT ST. PETERSBURG.—*L'illustration*.



REVIEW OF DON COSSACKS, AT KRASNÕE-SELO, IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT FAURE.—*L'illustration*.



DISTRIBUTION OF TEA AND SAMOVARS, PRESENTED BY THE MERCHANTS OF ST. PETERSBURG TO THE FRENCH SAILORS.—*L'illustration*.



THE CZAR'S TOAST: "OUR TWO NATIONS, FRIENDS AND ALLIES."—*L'illustration*.

CONFIRMATION OF THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE—IMPRESSIVE INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT FAURE TO THE CZAR.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

WINNING ITS WAY.

By reason of superior equipment (magnificent in every detail), limited express time, à la carte dining-car, and, in fact, all that goes to make an up-to-date traveling palace.

The Black Diamond Express between New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls is commanding attention from the traveling public, to whom it is so successfully serving.

Then, too, the Lehigh Valley Railroad operates three express trains daily, New York, Philadelphia, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, and the West.

These trains are standard equipment, vestibuled throughout, Pullman sleeping- and parlor-cars, dining-cars à la carte, Pintsch gas, modern in every particular, second only to the Black Diamond Express.

Write for descriptive matter to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and LAKE GEORGE, the largest and most beautiful lakes in the Adirondack system, are known and loved by thousands, but there are hundreds of thousands who do not know that in this section are the finest summer hotels in the world, or that the route through Saratoga Springs and these lakes is the greatest scenic highway of pleasure travel. The handsome illustrated directory of summer hotels and boarding-houses just issued by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad contains full information about these lovely, historic localities and other resorts along the "Leading Tourists' Lines." It is sent free on receipt of four cents postage, by J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

INTER-STATE FAIR AT TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, AND OCTOBER 1st.

The great Inter-State Fair at Trenton grows more extensive and important each recurring year, and the exhibition to be held on September 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and October 1st promises to be unusually comprehensive and attractive. Every department will be replete with interesting and instructive displays. The blooded-stock exhibit will be particularly fine, and the daily programme of races contains the speediest classes obtainable. Circus acts of rare merit and daring, and vaudeville entertainments of all kinds, will be presented.

The large purses offered in the manifold exhibits and contests insure unusual efforts in the endeavor to prove superiority in the various departments.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as is its yearly custom, will sell excursion tickets on this occasion at greatly reduced rates from stations within a wide radius, and special trains over the New York, Belvidere, and Amboy divisions will be run through to the grounds. The tracks of this company run direct to the fair grounds, thus avoiding street-car transfer, and are the only ones within three miles. The management of the fair has put forth extraordinary efforts to make this year's exhibition the greatest ever given.

The snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. Abbott's Angostura Bitters gives these—and more. Must be the genuine.

The Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

The best regulator of digestive organs is Dr. Siegel's genuine Angostura Bitters.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Dorries's Electric Soap has been made for thirty-two years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1888 sales were 2,047,620 boxes. Superior quality and absolute uniformity and purity made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

STARVED TO DEATH

In midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS.

It will remove irritations, pimples, impurities, clean the scalp, beautify the skin and complexion, as well as being a most delightful soap for the every day toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists.

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as well as being a most delightful soap for the every day toilet and bath.

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THE SECOND BEST.

"ISAACS, haven't you found that honesty is the best policy?"

"Yes, mine friend; next to der fire-insurance policy."—Judge.

AT A BIRD-SHOW.

AUNT SARAH (before a cage of white pigeons)—"For my part I like the birds best with colored foliage."—Judge.

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"Is there anything more that we have to look into this morning?" asked Mr. Depew of his private secretary, after disposing of several items of business.

"No, sir."

"Then you may find out what the newspapers say about me to-day and deny it."—Judge.

A JUST COMPLAINT.

LITTLE MAUD (the first morning at the farm)—"Please, Mr. Brown, your rooster spoke so loud this morning he woke me up."—Judge.

THE GUARDS AT THE GATEWAY OF HEALTH ARE THE TEETH.

ON DUTY FOR LIFE, THEY SHOULD BE STRONG, SERVICEABLE, ATTRACTIVE.

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PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist **PIANOS** and the refined musical public

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CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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Luxurious Writing!

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Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

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LAZY LIVER! YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

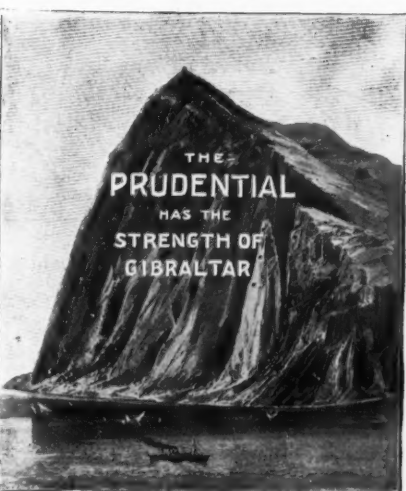
Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

Cascarets

ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER and BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c., 25c., 50c. MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!



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\$19,541,827	\$14,158,445	\$4,034,116	2,500,000	\$320,000,000	\$28,000,000

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Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

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As good in every way as those costing from \$5 to \$7. We have the best line of \$3.50 shoes in the world; made on the latest improved English lasts, by the most skillful workmen in this country.

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 Catalogue FREE.

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 BEST IN THE WORLD

IVORY SOAP

Divide a cake with a stout thread and you have two perfectly formed cakes of convenient size for the toilet

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Allcock's Porous Plaster

THE STANDARD EXTERNAL REMEDY.

There are many imitations of this well-known plaster, so be sure you get the genuine "Allcock's." Don't accept a substitute.

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 Illustrated from Photographs.

WILTON HOUSE. By the Countess of PEMBROKE.
 Illustrated from Special Photographs.

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION: Card Playing. By LOUISA PARR.
 Illustrated by Fac-similes of Old Prints.

BRITISH ARMY TYPES. MAJOR, N.W. CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.
 Drawn from Life by A. J. GOODMAN.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE VILLAGE JOTTINGS.
 By ALICE DRYDEN.

ST. IVES. By A. T. QUILLER COUCH (after R. L. Stevenson's Notes).

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 The INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 83 Duane St.
 Montreal: Montreal News Co.
 Toronto: Toronto News Co.

They Are in the Air You Breathe,

The Germs of Disease, Which Cause Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, and Hay Fever.

It's Through the Air Only that These Diseases Can Be Treated Successfully.

It must be DRY AIR. Liquids, sprays and douches CAN NOT enter the bronchial tubes and lungs, or reach all parts of the air-passages. Herein lies the secret of the great success of

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the New Australian Treatment for all diseases of the head, throat and lungs. - the air which you breathe from Booth's Inhaler is laden with the most powerful antiseptics known. It is perfectly dry and at once kills all germs of disease, healing the parts affected, and bringing immediate relief to the sufferer.

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Your druggist has it, or can get it if you insist. There is no substitute. Pocket Inhaler Outfit at druggist's, or by mail, \$1.00. Extra bottles Inhaler, 50 cents. Nyomei Balm, 25 cents.

R. T. BOOTH CO., 23 East 20th St., New York.
 Sold by all druggists.

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S. S. City of Columbia (1,900 tons) will depart from the Old Dominion Line Pier 26, North River, Wednesday, Dec. 1st, for **ST. MICHAEL,** connecting with Company's river steamers for **DAWSON CITY.**

Fare to Dawson City, including 1,000 pounds of baggage, \$680.00 up, according to accommodation. Passengers desiring to meet the ship at San Francisco or Seattle will be provided with transportation by rail to either point at same rate.

For passage tickets and further information apply to the agents,

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IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.